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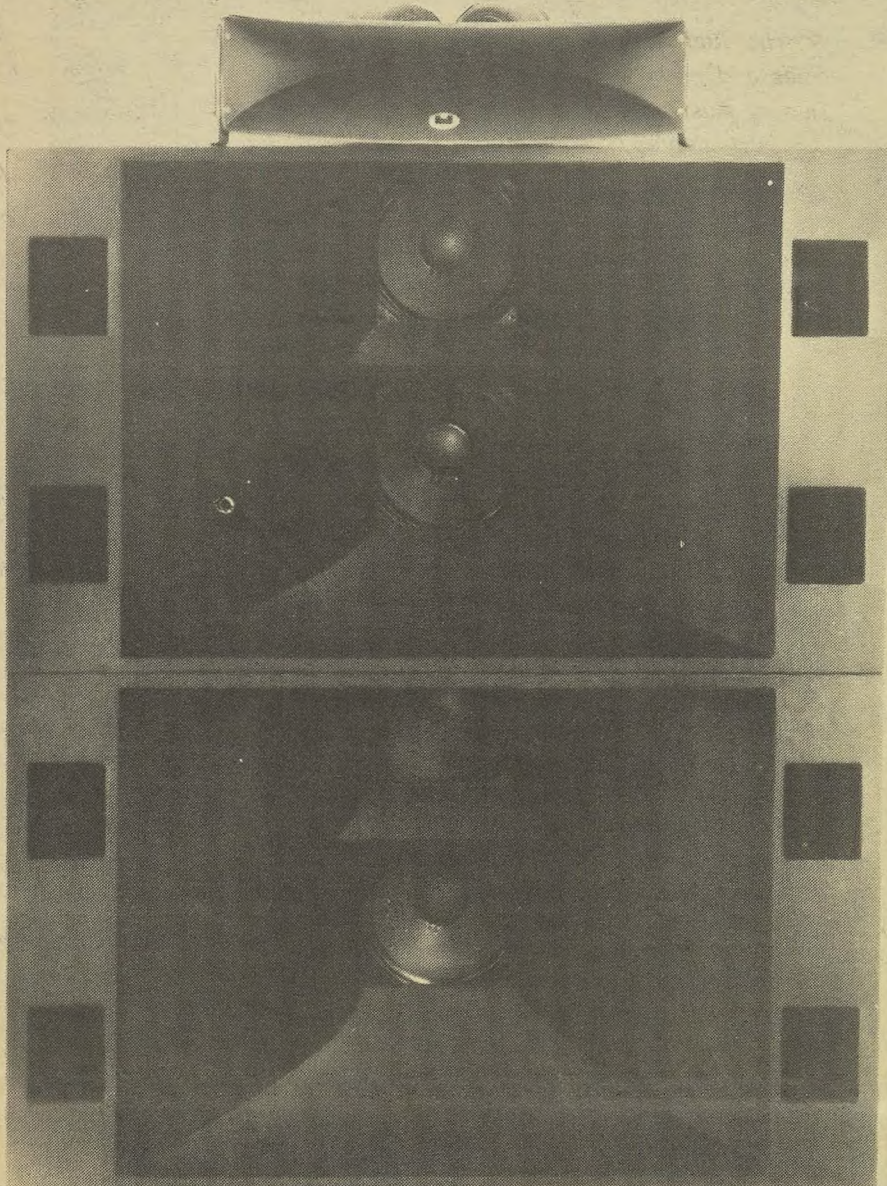
Judas Priest



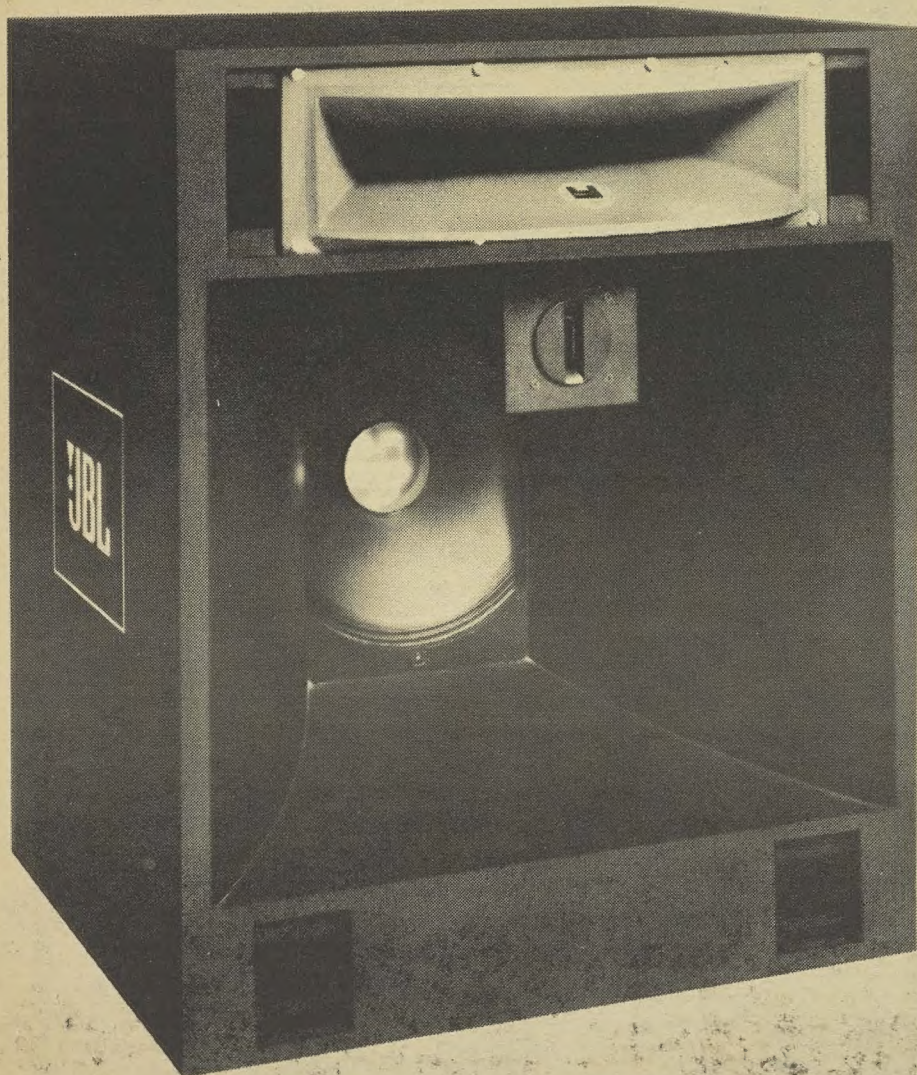
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Editor and Publisher
Ron Young

Local Scene Editor
Jim E. Beal, Jr.

Contributing Writers
David Arthur
Robbin Cresswell
David Frost
Frank Haecker
Barrie Hurst
Jack Kanter
Clyde Kimsey
Scott A. Cupp
Bruce Smith
J. J. Syrja

Chief Photographers
Robbin Cresswell
Clyde Kimsey

Cover By
Ken Banning

Layout By
Ron Young

Cover Photo by
Robbin Cresswell

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In Coming Issues



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SCORPIONS

★
THE WHO

★
S.A. JAM

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"I used to get disgusted, but now I try to be amused."

OPEN LETTER TO KMAC/KISS:

Late Thursday night Joe Anthony began a part of his program by playing single cuts from new albums and asking listeners to call in and comment. Quite a bit of what he played was what he called new wave music. After a song by a new wave artist Joe would say, "Alright, all you wavers out there we're playing some of this wave music you always say we don't play. I wish you'd call in and tell me how you like it, and if you don't then you can just shut up!"

Joe seemed to be taunting his listeners and belittling them. I must confess that I didn't call in to place my comments on what he played, but he didn't really play any new wave music of much quality — but that's no excuse. I happen to like wave music and not too much heavy metal, except when it's tastefully done. I feel that there's good and bad music in all its forms.

Anyway, I was very angry with Joe and decided to call him up the next night during his program. When I finally got him I told him that his idea to play new albums and get people's responses was a good one. Then I asked why he chose to play a lot of new wave on a solidly heavy metal show, knowing that his listeners just wanted to hear Judas Priest and the like because that's the way he's trained them? I told him that it wasn't really a good way to gauge

responses. I also said that I and my friends, who'd listened to his show when he insulted new wavers, didn't appreciate being told to shut up if we had no comment on his offerings. Well, Joe got mad and denied that he had told anyone to "shut up" but when I said that several people had heard him he said that maybe he had said that but he didn't want to discuss it. He said that people like me always call in to complain that KMAC/KISS doesn't play enough new wave and that he was tired of it. "You should get down on your knees and thank them for what little we do play. I'm not going to drop my pants everytime someone calls up to request a new wave record. Where did you first hear the Ramones or Elvis Costello?" he ranted. (I was afraid to tell him KRTU.) He said he had a format to stick to and that he didn't like to take requests anyway.

Requests are used as a gauge to judge what the audience wants to hear to see if we should add a certain group to our playlist, but that doesn't mean we're going to play them(!?). Then he told me that he didn't have time to waste on me that he had a Battle of the Bands to get back to. With that he told me to come to the station anytime after 2:00 any day of the week and we'd discuss this further.

Later the next week I called up Joe again to request a song by the heavy

metal band Fist and Joe said that he'd probably play it later on. If I had been requesting Elvis Costello he probably would've told me to stick it. I don't know if he ever played that Fist song (you can't buy the album anywhere) because this was just a test and I didn't want to listen to several hours of heavy metal to find out.

Dave/Jim/Jeff/S.A.

(I hate to keep printing letters that have something derogatory to say about KMAC/KISS but we do get complaints from time to time and this letter seems to express the mentality behind that station. As you have probably guessed by now Joe Anthony lost all that weight by keeping his foot in his mouth.—Ed.)

I go to quite a few concerts whether it be a Stone City or a JAM production. Sometimes though when it's a JAM concert I have to go to the JAM & JELLY Store to get tickets. I really hate to go there or even call up for information because the help they have there is always so snotty and they never give out any facts about the seating. They always say that they don't know where the seating charts are, etc. This is frustrating if you're trying to get good seats. They also act like they hate to wait on you. Charlie Hooper/S.A.

(All we can do is print your complaint and give you JAM's office phone number so you can voice your complaint — 828-1319. — Ed.)

ROCK'N'ROLL TIDBITS

Roky Erickson has returned from his tour of Europe recently to play some clubs in San Francisco. However Blieb Alien his longstanding SF-based band is no longer with him. It seems that after Roky came off his tour he preferred Austin's Explosives as a backup unit. The Explosives had played many a Texas date behind Roky before. Now the word is that Roky and the Explosives have signed a recording contract with Epic records. Hopefully an album will be out soon for all you acid flashback fans who still revere the old 13th Floor Elevators. Music from the Bermuda Triangle.

Joe 'King' Carrasco is heavily touring the East Coast and parts of Canada. Joe Nick Patoski is now his official manager and several of the big record labels are out to sign him.

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It's Only Rock'n'Roll editor Ron Young and his bride Sharon when asked by the preacher if they would take each other as man and wife instead of answering 'I do', shouted, "Let it rock!!"

BACK STREET KIDS

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IT'S ONLY ROCK'N'ROLL BACK COPIES

Now is your chance to get any back issues of IT'S ONLY ROCK'N'ROLL that you might have missed. Besides articles and interviews, each is filled with action concert photos, record reviews and more. Each back issue is 75¢ each. Please check below the issue(s) you want, clip it out and send it in. Or send it on a separate piece of paper.

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- #19—Scorpions, Point Blank, Roky Erickson
- #20—ZZ Top, '79 Opinion Poll, Kenny Loggins
- #21—Rush pt. 1, B.B. King, Rick Derringer
- #22—Rush pt. 2, Christopher Cross, John Cale
- #23—Mahogany Rush, Van Wilks, The Beat
- #24—Triumph, Grace Slick. 999



BLUES ALA HURRICANES



by Ron Young

(The blues ain't nothin' but a good man feelin' bad.)

The blues is something I had a bad case of a month ago when my friends and I attempted to go to the Web Club on the Eastside to see S.A.'s blues champions the Hurricanes. Unfortunately someone got the idea to lift my battery out of my '61 Chevy Impala sometime around 11:30 on a rainy Saturday night leaving me and my friends stranded and drunk. Huddling together in a near-abandoned parking lot on the Eastside and praying that we wouldn't get knifed by any black-brown-white punks on dope while trying to come up with cab fare was not my idea of a fun way to spend my night off. We finally scraped together \$3.47 in wet quarters and soggy one dollar bills and got a cab to take us back to the safety of the Northside. I later had to spend \$50 on a new battery and \$10 on a new lock and chain for my Chevy. Boy, did I have de blooze.

Recently I managed to catch the Hurricanes on my own turf when they played at Joe Sweeny's News Room on San Pedro (where the old Bijou stood). It's a nice, quiet and plush bar that doesn't look like it would house a hot blues band but it did indeed.

If you've often wanted to hear local bands playing something other than the latest screaming Pat Travers songs and you don't dig C&W and jazz is too intellectual for you and you wished that the Austin blues band The Cobras would come to town more often, then maybe the Hurricanes is the band you need to blow your blues away.

The Hurricanes consist of brothers Henry and Roy Perez on guitar and bass, respectively, Danny Zartuchie on drums, and 'Big' Charles Walter on vocals and harp.

I happened to catch their last set and it was as hot as the summer night. They performed a steamy version of Jimmy Reed's "Big Boss Man", a blistering Howlin' Wolf tune "Don't Need To Go No Further" and several others before breaking into their close-out instrumental on which the four-piece unit really showed off their chops. Henry on guitar doesn't go in for acrobatics.

He just etches his brief solos onto the whole picture and gets out much like his main influence Robbie Robertson. Brother Roy's bass playing is much more creative than you'd expect in a blues format. Walter, whose harp playing is patterned after blues legend Little Walter and the Fabulous Thunderbirds' Kim Wilson, adds punctuation to the group's blues riffs. The whole thing is stitched together by Zartuchie's snappy drumming.

Henry said, "The whole thing started by accident when my brother and I started jamming."

"The brothers are the nucleus really," added Danny. "I've known them ever since they started learning their instruments. But none of us have ever played in any other bands until now mainly because no one else was playing the blues. We eventually picked up Chuck through a friend of someone who had once tried out for the band."

Chuck, the frontman, looks 35 because of his size and mature image but actually is only 25, and works a day job like the rest. "I've played harp since I was 14, but have only been playing and singing professionally for four months which is the entire time our band has been together. The biggest influence on us, I guess, are the Nighthawks, the Thunderbirds, Howlin' Wolf, and Hubert Sumlin."

"We could be playing heavy metal covers and probably work a lot more but it's not what we want to do. People need a change in the music being offered to them in San Antonio. I used to drive to Austin in order to see blues bands," Chuck went on. "People often ask us how three Spanish dudes and one white one can play the blues and we just say that the blues is just hard knocks and hangovers; a universal feeling that transcends everything." — RNR

Everything you wanted to know about new wave music but were afraid you wouldn't hear in S.A. is what Jeff Webb's (former KMAC-KISS DJ) radio show on KRTU (91.7 FM) is all about. It begins at 8 p.m. every Thursday and lasts an hour. During that hour you'll hear music by Public Image Ltd., The Cure, Elvis Costello, Graham Parker, The Jam, Lene Lovitch, and other new wave artists the other radio stations are afraid to play.

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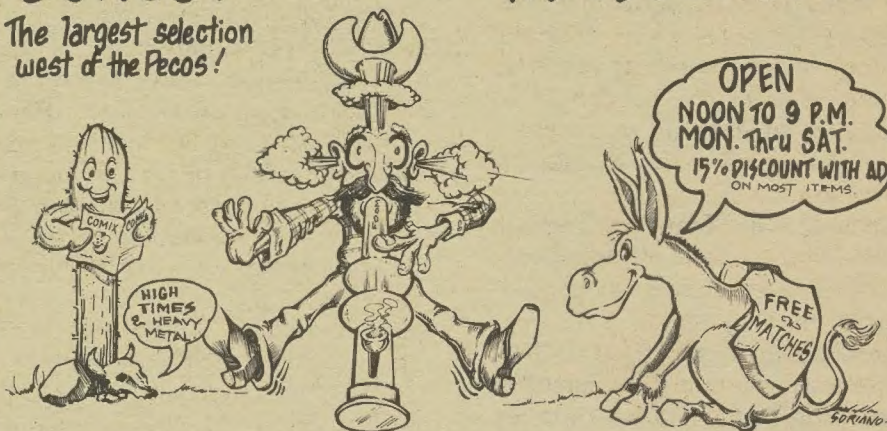
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TONIO K. & THE 6 O'CLOCK NEWS



by Ron Young

"Cinderella's baby what you gonna do when the six o'clock news gets real/what you gonna do honey, how you gonna deal?" — "Cinderella's Baby," Tonio K.'s new single.

It's 11:30 and I'm just walking out the door to check the mailbox when the phone rings. "Hello, is this Ron Young?" "Yes, who's this?" "Tonio K. What's the matter? You sound like you weren't expecting me."

"To tell you the truth, I wasn't. You were supposed to call me at 10:30 tonight. I don't even have a phone mike yet."

"You mean I woke up this early in the day (an hour earlier in San Francisco where he's calling from) and I didn't have to? I'm gonna kill my manager."

"I don't have everything ready but go ahead and let's do what we can for now and maybe you can call me back later on tonight."

"Okay, but I haven't much time."

"I really enjoyed your new apocalyptic vision on vinyl, *Amerika*, although I don't like it as much as your first *Life In The Foodchain*. In my review of it I said you were a rock'n'roll version of Hunter S. Thompson."

"Oh yeah, I like that line. Glad you like the album, especially after *Rolling Stone* gave it such a vicious slagging. By the way Hunter S. Thompson was going to use "H-A-T-R-E-D" and "Funky Western Civilization" in *Where The Buffalo Roam* from my last album since he liked 'em so much. But they decided to use period music for the film instead. I'm really glad they didn't use 'em after I saw the film. They really ruined three great books by throwing them all together."

Tonio K. (whose real name is Steve Krikorian) was born and raised in central California. But while 90% of that sunny state's songwriters sing of peace, love, understanding and the great search for truth — most of them sounding like they've baked their brains in the sun too long — Tonio K.'s razor-edged voice barks out songs about cars,

guitars and teenage violence reaffirming the statement that Americans have no place else to go but crazy.

The only other LA songwriter who shares this desperado stance is Warren Zevon.

"Funny you should bring Zevon up," Tonio K. replies in his soft-spoken and hesitant pattern. "I was scheduled to be the opening act for him on his last tour. But the trouble was that the opening slot didn't pay but \$350 and you can't pay a band's salary with that. Besides Arista my new label has a standing policy of not paying road expenses for their acts. So no tour support — no tour."

"Right now I've got a new band that I've put together and they're chomping at the bit to tour. But I'm still looking for the ultimate guitar player before the band is complete. We should tour when school starts in the fall."

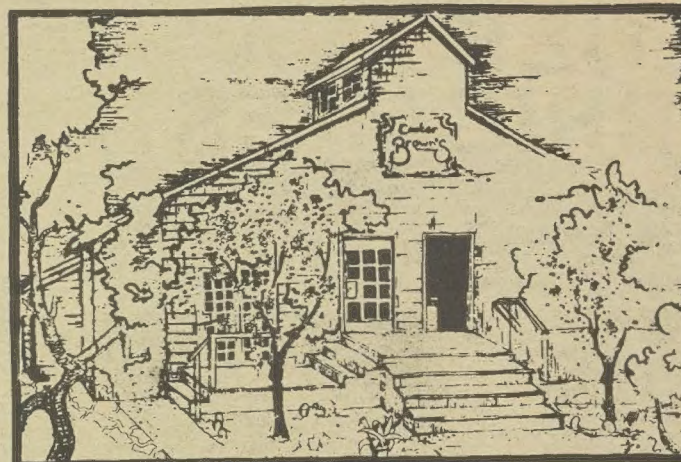
Early in his career during the mid 1970's Tonio K. played guitar in an incarnation of Buddy Holly's crickets that included Jerry Allison, an original member, Rick Grech (Blind Faith) and Albert Lee (who is now Eric Clapton's guitarist). Sometime later he signed on as a songwriter with Chappell publishing. However his acidic songs were not the type to be covered by Ann Murray. "Besides," he says, "they were grooming me to be a rock'n'roll star."

In 1977 K. signed with the Epic label but after producing one album *Life In The Foodchain*, a brilliant record filled with material of intelligence, wit and biting sarcasm, Clive Davis of Arista went his bail in 1979.

"I switched to Arista because the staff producer insisted that I do an acoustic oriented Lp. I said, (going into a Strother Martin imitation) 'No, no. What we have here is a failure to communicate.'"

So, if throbbing chaotic rock'n'roll that rings with biting truth and is easy to dance to is what you'd rather hear than the six o'clock news then pick up on Tonio K. and switch of

Walter C. RNR



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JUDAS PRIEST— RAZOR-EDGED ROCK

Interview by
Clyde Kimsey

★ (Heavy Metal as a rock'n'roll alternative.)



by David Willis

It was a dream come true for San Antonio's heavy metal fans. Judas Priest is as synonymous with this city's name as Bob Seger or Ted Nugent is with Detroit.

The crowd had already been whipped into a frenzy after hearing their newest heavy metal sensations Def Leppard. Priest's lead singer Rob Halford roared up the stage ramp straddling his 1/2-ton Harley-Davidson motorcycle then began their non-stop show. The group's show focuses on Halford's image of some bizarre biker from hell as he appears clad in black leather, chains, studded S&M belts and shades.

During the group's performance Priest concentrated on their faster and more aggressive material playing songs from all their albums. Not surprisingly, the crowd's favorite came from the classic heavy metal album *Sad Wings Of Destiny* and their latest *British Steel*. The mostly late-teen male audience gave the band a rousing standing ovation as Judas Priest came back for a two-song encore. Even though the highly charged throng got to hear their fave JP songs during the evening most of them seemed to feel that it wasn't a long enough show.

It seemed to me that in HM bands the guitar solos have been opted for shorter more aggressive songs over the past 2 or 3 years, perhaps due to a younger audience where attention span is shorter.

Vocalist/lyricist Rob Halford stands his ground and chooses his words just as carefully offstage as he does on as I found out in the following interview.

RNR: What kind of image do you try to project on stage?

RH: I don't think we ever try to project an image in terms of contriving a situation whereby we go on stage and create a physical image of

the music. It's something that has developed over the past five or six years. We are completely aware of every aspect of Judas Priest as a working unit, from the music, the album covers, the studios, and even the business side of it. We take a very active role in every aspect of it, because if you don't then things you want don't happen.

RNR: Yes, but while you're onstage don't you try to act like super-macho biker types, sort of rock'n'roll Hell's Angels?

RH: Yes, but that's what we are. (A girl fan giggles in the background). It's not a contrived situation by any means. We'd never go out with that format whatsoever. That would be totally against all the attitudes and ideals of what Judas Priest is all about.

(Are the listeners actually supposed to believe that JP really lives out their songs and supports the image offstage? Halford never got to the heart of what "the attitudes and ideals of Judas Priest" were all about and what they are trying to achieve.)

RNR: Are you setting role models for your listeners to live up to?

RH: No, that's for them to decide. If they want to do that, then it's entirely up to them. We go out and do what we feel is a physical representation of the music. The present way we do things onstage feels perfect.

RNR: Do you write most of the lyrics?

RH: I write all the lyrics. Sometimes the words come first instigating a good riff or a set of chords from K.K. Downing or Glenn Tipton (JP axemen). This then stimulates me to write a certain song that I have inside of me.

RNR: The songs conjure up images of destruction and Armageddon-like situations. Why do these themes keep reoccurring?

RH: I think that optimism isn't what heavy metal is all about. It's not pessimistic but it's a very realistic attitude in terms of coming to the formulas of life and the possible subject matter that you can get involved with. So on that level we don't sing about rock'n'roll women and getting down and boogieing. I think we're a totally down-to-earth band in the true-life sense of the world.

RNR: Your lyrics seem against society as in "Take On The World."

RH: We aren't fighting against anything. We're just trying to put across the physical realities of life which a lot of groups ignore and try to cover up with a good-time rock'n'roll evening, which is what we are purely out to do. We are first performers out to entertain. But we are also out to give the people something they can relate to in terms of listening and analyzing and just getting a message or feeling from other than that sort of "rock'n'roll boogie" system which is very infantile to me.

I take a totally objective view of society and putting my opinions and feelings across in the lyrics, which up to this new album have been totally abstract.

RNR: In the song "Breaking The Law" from *British Steel*, are you trying to justify breaking society's law?

RH: No, I'm justifying the feeling that people get when they come out of school and can't get a job. They get frustrated and do things that aren't generally to their advantage, but they are a release. You can equate it to the first time you break the speed limit. It's nothing fundamentally as brutal as killing or raping. It's just an understanding that a lot of people can relate to. Especially when they come out of school and meet the world head on.

RNR: Critics generally deride the term heavy metal and the bands who play it. Do you mind being called an HM band?

RH: No I love it. That's what we are.

RNR: How would you define the term and what makes an HM band different from just a rock'n' roll band?

RH: I define HM as being a band that is specifically at one with the formulas of life other than the boogie school of rock'n'roll which to a certain extent is good for you but is also a fantasy and is a release which can be very therapeutic, but is unreal to me. The "get down" rock is very limited in terms of what life is all about.

RNR: I recall that you stated once that heavy metal is a form of escapism.

RH: It is, and so is rock'n'roll. Any form of art is escapism.

RNR: Before you played the song "Sinner" tonight you said, "I'm sure you people know what kind of sinning I'm talking about." What kind do you mean?

RH: When I said that I was generally talking to the people who do know what I mean. (How about it readers, do you know or is he just copping out

and avoiding the question again?) If you believe in God, like I do, then you have to believe in the Devil, which I do. To me, the center of the actual entity of "The Sinner", musically and lyrically is about the Devil. When I talk about sinning I mean doing really bad things. (Unlike the small stuff you spoke about in "Breaking The Law", huh?)

RNR: Who are you coming on as when you tell the listeners in several of your songs to repent?

RH: To a certain extent there is a characterization that comes out. You just have to listen to it and bring about your own conclusion. To answer your question, I could give you an answer and it might mean something to you, but it might mean a bunch of shit to someone else. One has to draw his own conclusion. (My conclusion is that again he cleverly got out of stating what he probably doesn't know himself, and that a lot of the lyrics and the group's image is merely trying to identify with what they think will fascinate their audience of mostly 14 to 18-year old males.)

RNR: Does it upset you that most of the major rock magazines put your band down? Do you have any idea why the press dislikes you so intensely?

RH: No. I couldn't give a shit because all that matters to me are the people who buy albums and attend the concerts; the people who put us where we are right now. The press puts us down to sell copies and the public is more likely to pick up their paper if they downgrade a group.

RNR: Do you have any explanations as to why S.A. is the city where you are most popular?

RH: KMAC-KISS has had a lot to do with it. We are grateful to them but certainly not indebted to them. But without them we couldn't play to audiences of this size. **RNR**



by Clyde Kimsey

VAN WILKS RIDES AGAIN!

by David Arthur

Van Wilks. What? You say it doesn't sound like the name of a heavy rock band? Well, metal mouth, you're wrong. From out of the deep pits of Austin, where usually only the punks go, come Van Wilks, playing melodic music at a volume that would shrivel your Aunt Fanny's ears. And they *don't* sound like Judas Priest, Pat Travers, Led Zep, or anyone else. So why haven't you heard them? Probably because you spent all your money on that new Priest album and so did not obtain *Bombay Tears*, Van Wilks' debut album. An intermission will thus be made so you can go out, buy it, and listen to it. (Intermission)

Who is this band of intrepid Austin musical explorers? To wit they are Van Wilks — guitar and vocals, Phil Ballinger — drummer, Reggie Witty — bassist, and Doug Hall — keyboards. They have opened for groups as diverse as Heart and ZZ Top, and are not new to the lime-light. In the words of Mr. Wilks, "We're veterans of the rock'n'roll wars. We've opened large outdoor shows, and played in arenas before this (Skipwilys). Having a product to promote is just more fun, and makes it seem more worthwhile."

"With an album out it's easier. The audience knows who you are and can recognize you. But we were in situations where the audience had no idea who we were, and we came off well. We opened for Kiss in '74,

played at the Sunday Break, and generally learned how to satisfy a crowd."

Wilks attributes their abundance of gigs to the management of Bill Ham, who also manages ZZ Top. Ham became Wilks' manager after seeing him in a club. After talking it over for a time, the deal was struck. Ham's business sense has been of great help to the band.

"We've learned a lot from him. Music today is so political. It shouldn't be, but it is. Favors have to be exchanged to get anywhere. It's not just the music anymore. And that's why I like New Wave so much, because of the new energy coming into the music scene. Their attitude is 'we don't care about the politics of selling records, we just want to play music'. That's an attitude we share," Van Wilks goes on.

"I started playing guitar because it was fun. Also, since I wasn't big enough to be a jock, to get girls, I still play because it's fun, and to get the girls."

The band encountered many problems in the studio. None of them technical, however. They recorded in California, and ran into heavy smog, forest fires, earthquakes; the whole flakey California scene.

When asked about that first album Wilks shows some pride. "It's a realization of what we've been working for for a long time. To be able to pick



by Robbin Cresswell

up a record and know you made it, to hear it on the radio, those are indescribable thrills. And it's even more exciting because it's taken so long for it to happen for us."

Although *Bombay Tears* is not making a nuisance of itself on the charts, Wilks is optimistic about it. "It's doing well. We haven't promoted it yet in the Midwest because we haven't played out there."

That's where a lot of our potential audience is. But our first album was for ourselves. We had a lot of control in how it sounded, and we knew what we wanted before we went in to the studio.

"Our next album, which should be out in September, will be different. It will be harder, with more blues, and a couple of new wavy things as well. We've been accused of not having direction. But that is our direction. We don't want limits."

"This time we will probably get further away from the album, letting the producer do more. I thought of using Alan Parsons, but he isn't a producer of rock bands. He does his own projects, and people like Al Stewart. But we have some people in mind. We may record it at Indian Creek Studios in Uvalde, because it's owned by a friend of mine. But we really have no definite plans as yet. We don't even know when we are going to record it. We will be working the next few weeks on the material for it, so hopefully soon."

Wilks is hopeful of success, for, as he puts, "of course you want success. It allows you freedom, and artistic control. You don't have to worry about sales."

I don't think there's any need to worry. The first album is obviously the product of a dedicated band. Success should be imminent. After all, who can resist a guitar playin' fool. — RNR

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DEF LEPPARD HEAVY METAL'S YOUNG CATS

by Robbin Cresswell

Def Leppard are five young lads from Sheffield, England. Joe Elliot, vocals, Pete Willis and Steve Clark on lead guitars, Rick Savage on bass and Rick Allen on drums.

Although the group has only been together for two and a half years, they have quite a following in their mother country. They were voted Number 4 Hope in the British rock publication *MELODY MAKER*, Number 6 Best Act in *NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS* and Number 1 Best Act in *SOUNDS MAGAZINE*.

The group's two appearances in San Antonio as an opening act to Judas Priest and Ted Nugent, has proved to be successful. After the Judas Priest gig, we sat down the singer Joe Elliot and drummer Rick Allen and talked about Def Leppard. Before I could hardly ask my first question, a very polite Joe Elliot began talking about the group's beginnings.

RNR: Can you tell me something about the group? What are your ages.

ELLIOT: I'm three actually (laughter). Really I'm 20. Rick Allen is 16, Pete Willis is 20, Steve Clark is 20 and Rick Savage is 19.

RNR: What about the beginnings of the group?

ELLIOT: We formed in January '78. Rick (Allen) joined us in November '78 because we had another drummer at the time.

RNR: Are you from the same area in England?

ELLIOT: Yeah, we're all from Sheffield.

RNR: Did you know each other before the band? (Elliot recalls the band's formation.)

ELLIOT: I knew Pete, but I didn't know Sav (Rick Savage). At the time Pete and Sav were together and they had another drummer. I was going to form a band with Pete but Pete was in a band. So, they said they wanted somebody to sing for them. I was playing drums in another rock and roll band at the time. I didn't have an audition. I had been in the band for nearly six weeks before I even sang. We spent six weeks buying equipment and getting a practice room. I never even sang in my life before I joined the band.

We were a four-piece band in the beginning of '78. By the end of January, Steve was in the same class at college as Pete. We were all working. We would go to college once a week to learn about the job. It's called day release. Pete invited Steve down for an audition because we were looking for another guitarist and Steve joined. We spent eight months writing our

own songs.

RNR: Who writes the music and lyrics?

ALLEN: Joe puts words together. Steve, Pete and Sav write the music. Everybody in the band arranges.

ELLIOT: We spent eight months writing and rehearsing. We did our first gig at a school and got five pounds. That's about \$10.

We did eight gigs before we got rid of our other drummer and got Rick. Our old drummer wasn't very good but he did his job right. He was rubbish at rehearsals but when we played live he wasn't that bad.

ALLEN: But he didn't want to rehearse.

ELLIOT: He was too busy with his girlfriend so said 'up yours.'

We recorded an EP ("Bludgeon Riffola") one weekend at an eight-track studio. And on Monday Rick joined us. We gave him the EP and he learned the songs. Our first gig was in December.

RNR: How did you get hooked up with Judas Priest's producer Tom Allom? And how did you get on the Priest tour?

ELLIOT: It was the management. We're with Leber-Krebs. The actual producer has nothing to do with management. We'd listened to *Unleashed In The East* album and we liked the production of it. We also listened to Pat Travers' live and studio albums. So, we said Tom sounds like a good producer.

ALLEN: And the price was right as well.

ELLIOT: Yeah, he wasn't that expensive and a new band hasn't got a lot of money.

RNR: Def Leppard has been labeled as New Wave Heavy Metal. What is NWHM?

ELLIOT: We're not a "heavy metal" band. We do a few heavy metal songs, but we're a hard rock band. It's not heavy metal. I don't like the words heavy metal. We do a lot of melodic stuff. We didn't tonight because the idea is opening night we try and warm the crowd up and play songs that get across the first time you hear them. We do the songs that have impact. So, we might appear heavy metal but I prefer to call it hard rock.

New Wave Heavy Metal is something that the English press invented and that we got bracketed in. To be quite honest, I don't think we're a part of it. We were playing hard rock and doing pretty well before the new wave of heavy metal started.

RNR: Is this your first time in the U.S.?

ALLEN: Yeah. This is our first time out of the country.

RNR: How do you like San Antonio? We're known for being a hard rock town.

ELLIOT: We've been hearing about it since we've been in Texas. They said wait 'til you get to San Antonio.

ALLEN: And the women are something else.

ELLIOT: We've really enjoyed it. Tonight the crowd was so good. In England the biggest crowd you'll play on a major tour would be 4,000. Over here we do a little tour with Pat Travers or Priest and it's 16 or 17,000.

RNR: It's 16,000 tonight.

ELLIOT: People don't think much of it here. Compared to England it's like playing in a toilet.

RNR: Do you like playing to a larger audience?

ELLIOT: Yeah. I really do. I feel more

comfortable in front of a large audience. When we're playing to four or eight times as many people as in England, you know or you hope that you are satisfying a hell of a lot more people. You just feel so much better.

RNR: How has AC/DC helped you?

ELLIOT: We were the opening act for them in England. When we got our deal with Phonogram and went professional, the tour we did was four dates with Sammy Hagar in England. But we didn't really get to know him. When we went with AC/DC everyone was so nice to us.

Bon Scott, rest his soul, would always wish us good luck before we went on stage. The road crew was brilliant. They really looked after us.

RNR: How do you feel about Punk and New Wave?

ELLIOT: There's a very faint link between us and New Wave. The good thing about NW is that it brought back the three-minute song. A good NW band would be decent musically, powerful vocals with a quick guitar solo, another chorus, then end. That is basically what we do. We do "Wasted" and "Rocks Off". It's got a chorus, verse, chorus, a guitar solo, verse, a chorus, then end. A very similar format. That's the good thing new wave has brought into our music.

RNR: One last question. How did the name Def Leppard come about?

ELLIOT: When I had about a year left in school I came to realize I was never going to be a brain surgeon. When I was in school, all I used to do was get a piece of paper and invent a band. And I used to write a review for an imaginary gig. I used to make these posters, Def Leppard with Thin Lizzy. There were thousands of different names and I can't remember any of them except Def Leppard.

When I was invited to join the band, it didn't have a name so I explained all about my folder with the names of bands. Def Leppard was the first name everybody saw and it was spelled normal.

ALLEN: At that time there were a lot of new wave bands coming up like Flying Lizzards and Boomtown Rats. All animals.

So what was decided was to change the spelling so we wouldn't be labeled as a new wave or punk band.

ELLIOT: It's such an unusual name. You either hate it or you like it, but you don't forget it.

San Antonio certainly won't forget Def Leppard. Roll over Van Halen and make room for Def Leppard. **RNR**



by Robbin Cresswell



by Rick Forrest

TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS—REGGAE GOT SOUL

by Ron Young & Clyde Kimsey

Reggae — the bouncy music that originally came out of the bowels of the wretched little ghettos of West Kingston, Jamaica has gone by other names like: ska, bluebeat and rocksteady. Basically it's "raggamuffin or ragga" music, as Jamaica's middle class is apt to write it off as, but it's also the pulse of the island. The simple tribal beat that's so uncomplicated that nobody else can play it, only illiterate Jamaicans.

"Reggae music throbs. It doesn't build, there's no real bridge, there are only two or three chord changes that'll work — it just keeps on throbbing, rough, gummy, monotonous. It's the most carnal kind of body music, because the rhythm's on the upbeat, and the whole band's playing the upbeat, and the drums and bass are up front thumping it hardest of all." (Michael Thomas, *The Wild Side of Paradise*, Rolling Stone/July 19, 1973).

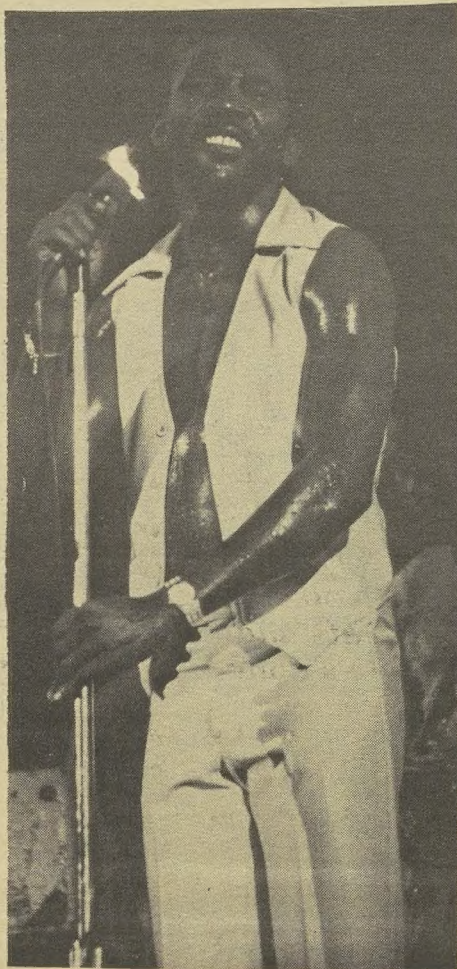
Back in 1962, reggae was known as ska, a music strictly for dancing. Ska was more of a shuffle with the staccato guitar snakily accenting the upbeat, four to the bar. The locals heard American rock'n'rollers like Fats Domino and Chuck Berry and the Motown stuff but they couldn't play it like the originals. The drummers laid the off-beat on one, two, three, four. The emphasis being on the second beat. It's the same rhythm and the same result, but back to front. It's as hypnotic as your own heartbeat and there's no escaping it.

Reggae is used as a political folk music when it's in the hands of someone like Bob Marley, who is Jamaica's Bob Dylan. He's the street poet who best speaks for the suffering in Jamaica and his name is the one most often associated with the music. But Toots Hibbert and his band the Maytals play a form of reggae that is closer to the original ska form, dance music that has its roots in the '60s Motown soul of Otis Redding and Wilson Pickett. It's an upbeat blues music that is more often about feeling good than about the looting, rioting and revolution that Marley's form of reggae offers.

We got a chance to talk with David "Toots" Hibbert last month after he opened the Third World show at San Antonio's Majestic Theater. In this article Toots explains the spirituality behind the music and why his form of reggae is different from Marley's, Jimmy Cliff's, Third World's, and everybody else who plays it. (At this point I'd like to thank Jim Ramsey of *Spotlight Productions* who put on S.A.'s first major reggae show. May it not be the last.)

RNR: First of all, what do you think of the new ska revival in England and how do you feel about its popularity among white working class people?

Toots: Dey are doin' a good thing. Because ska is bes' music from Jamaica. Ska is more spiritual than just reggae music. My new album is more ska and upbeat than reggae. Dey are making me and ska music a



by Robbin Cresswell

more international music. Ska is more about spiritual tings and reggae about physical tings. Spiritual tings greater. I started reggae (there are no facts in Jamaica.—Ed.) about twenty years ago. Reggae music was deep within but I brought it out. But ska is what I play because it mean more.

RNR: Were you very much influenced by the '60s Motown sound like Otis Redding and Marvin Gaye? I noticed you did your version of Ray Charles' "What'd I Say" tonight.

Toots: I love American Negro singers like Jackie Wilson and Ray Charles. That kind of music is from the church and I am a spiritual mon. I love Gospel music too like Mahalia Jackson. Because I am a church. If mon do good tings he is church of God. If he do bad tings den he is church of the Devil. So when I sing it is coming to make everybody's soul alive and happy. (Sings) Sing a happy song everyday.

RNR: Which is your favorite record of all the ones you've recorded?

Toots: *Funky Kingston*, dat album. My favorite song to sing is "Country Road" which is on the album.

RNR: Did you first hear John Denver's original version or Ray Charles' cover of it?

Toots: I never heard John Denver's version until after I did it. I thought that Ray Charles did it.

RNR: And that Denver wrote "What'd I Say"?

Toots: He did!?! (Laughter)

RNR: I know that your message is one to make people get up and dance rather than the political message that Bob Marley delivers.

Toots: I'm not political. When I sing my songs people should dance and get up. People should know that I'm a special mon delivering a special message. Even if you can't hear my words you can feel the spirit within, den you have to move. Sometimes though when I sing people no dance. Dey tink it's not alright. But by watching me den dey get up and dance because den it's alright. I have to tell them it's alright, you can dance if you want. (Laughter)

RNR: Why do you feel that mass popularity hasn't come to you as it has to Marley and Peter Tosh? It would seem that you would be even more popular than they are because you play dance music.

Toots: I am a more spiritual mon. The Bible say dat tings will come to me it I just wait instead of going political or physical. So if ever a song reach number one for me worldwide den I will keep getting number ones because of my spirituality. Everyting will come in time just like the blacks and whites will unite in time.

RNR: The film *The Harder They Come*, do you feel that it's a good representation of what Jamaica is like?

(The film is the story of a boy (Jimmy Cliff) from the hills who hits town, can't get a break, stalks the ghettos till he flukes a chance to cut a record and ends up with \$20 for his trouble — that's the way the music business works in Kingston; till recently it's been strictly a crapshoot operation at the mercy of one or two high-rollers who control the charts, and if you defy them, as Jimmy does in the movie, then you don't make the charts. So he gets a Honda and starts running ganja (marijuana). But this business is stacked against the guy who does the job, the police run most of it, and the profits are just as securely locked up at the top. You can't win in Jamaica. Jimmy buys a gun, turns outlaw by killing a couple of cops and makes the authorities look like fools. Then word hits the street that his record is number one on the charts and he becomes a folk hero. The pressure of the law gets him in the end but the local Rude Boys (hustlers and delinquents) love this film because it's done for them what *Rebel Without A Cause* did for the juvenile delinquents in America during the '50s.)

Toots: No it is not. But I feel good dat it is from Jamaica. Dat is a film.

The real ting is not the same. Nothing has changed. Everyting the same in Jamaica.

RNR: How do you feel about someone like Robert Palmer covering your song "Pressure Drop" or the Specials doing "Monkey Man"?

Toots: It makes me happy because reggae is a light dat shine for the people. Dey help spread the spiritual word.

RNR: You still live in Jamaica. Do you feel that your popularity has changed your life?

Toots: What has really changed me is to see the people respect the music. Dey are hearing my message.

HEART OF THE CITY

by Jim E. Beal, Jr.

If you regularly or even semi-regularly check out the scene at the Friendly Spot or the Greenwood or San Antonio Country's Sunday "In Concert" series you're aware of Rudy Harst and his music.

If you don't check out these places then you're missing out on some interesting music in general and Harst's in particular.

Harst's concert-style sets are made up of Rudy, his guitar, his electronic gimmicks, a bunch of original songs, creative covers of other people's songs, an enormous amount of energy and enough range and depth of feelings and emotions to make a Shakespearean actor switch to K-Tel commercials.

He's a one-man band, a one-man show and a self-promoting banshee. Gad, am I gushing? I don't mean to, but you must realize a few things. Even at a paper/magazine the size of *JORN* we get deluged by acts that want publicity. Some of them are great, some mediocre, some pathetic — a lot of 'em have some redeeming qualities but a lot of 'em cause us to run and hide. Every once in awhile a band or a solo act comes along that has its redeeming qualities quite together. These people love their music, they play it without fear or apology, they respect and care about their audiences, they have fun, and they know and keep up with their business.

I've run across a few of these people — Frank "El Wild Jalapeno" Rodarte, Moondog the Okieextremists, Joe "King" Carrasco (tho I'm quite pissed at him for forgetting about his S.A. fans — but that's another story.) Rudy Harst fits into this group.

Stylistically they have little in common but professionally they're from the same mold.

What an interlude!

Back to the show! Harst's music combines elements of Reggae, Tex-Mex, folk, punk, jazz, new wave, C&W, rock'n'roll, ballet, mime, martial arts, psychology, minstrelism, abstract art and philosophy.

Harst began his musicodyssey like a lot of other singers — church choirs, playing around with a guitar, singing folk songs — same old story.

He went to England in '72 to hit it big, didn't and came back to join a C&W band, Country Comfort.

"Basically the music was drinkin' music but I couldn't really relate to alcohol. I coldn't do the "show" but found I could relate to the people — especially women. I learned Reggae backbeat in England; it's just like C&W backbeat."

Harst did some demo tapes at Trinity University's Studio 21 and started experimenting with various rhythms. He then sent the demos off to London and in '74 he landed a contract with an EMI subsidiary, Horizons Unlimited. "I went to Holland, Germany, England — checking out the art scene, catching the new wave — I didn't understand it but I knew they were saying something but only to themselves."

"There I realized I was a solo, I spent a lot of time practicing and writing. Then I came back here to culture shock."



RUDY HARST

Harst hooked up with some people from S.A. Museum For The Modern Arts and formed Rudy and the Rude Boys. The group dynamics didn't work out so it was solo time again at the Union Jack and Bijou playing pop standards.

"Within the last year I noticed there was more intensity with my own stuff and my improvising. I finally got the idea of graduate school out of my mind. It snaps on you that you have to do your art. Then suddenly I could work five nights a week.

"I want to play by myself. I've got the electronics set up — the phase shifter, echoplex, feedback — I can fill up the stage. People started calling my stuff "new wave". I guess you could call it that — I don't."

Harst has a hard core following now. He's a regular featured performer at most liberal gatherings — be they party or protest.

"I'm an activist and I'd much rather play my music that stuff envelopes."

Rudy has recently decided to put a band together to expand his venues for awhile and to do some recording for a single and possibly an Lp. So any musicians interested in a Tex-Mex Cabareggae Cowboy Rock Jazz project can call Rudy at 734-2873.

IF YOUR MUSIC IS DIFFERENT

Besides being a performer Rudy Harst is also being a promoter for San Antonio Country's Sunday In Concert Series.

"We want avant-garde entertainment, unpredigested music, art for art's sake," says Rudy Harst.

The Country set up is excellent for performers and patrons. Cover is only \$1.00 and drinks are reasonably priced. The only problem is that it's hot in the concert area so July 13 will be the last show until mid-August.

Harst says performers will:
(1) Get treated as serious artists (2) Look good onstage (the lighting is bizarre yet strange) (3) Have access to a sound system (4) Have an attentive audience (5) Entertain from 9-11 p.m. in a concert atmosphere rather than a barroom one (6) get paid real money.

If your music is different and you've been complaining about not being able to get gigs in Alamo Town call Rudy at: 734-2873 and see if you're serious.

P.S. Don't worry about the gay bar B.S. The last time I was there nobody grabbed my ass and I was only tempted to grab one booty 'til I discovered I was only looking in a mirror and had fallen in love with myself again. —RNR

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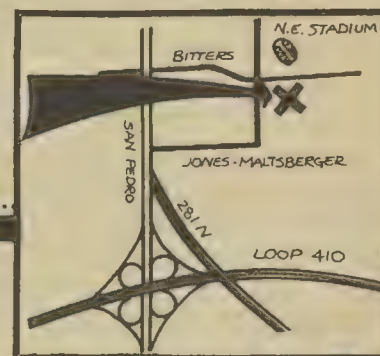
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THE CRAMPS & VAN WILKSON*

DAVID'S DUSTY DISCS

by David Frost

• 12 • It's Only Rock'N'Roll, July 1980

A-lop-bob-a-li-bop-a-bim-bam-boom!

I had a feeling that the *Blues Brothers* movie was gonna be good, and I was right! Lots of funny riffs, great music scenes (especially with Aretha Franklin and James Brown) and some automobile chase scenes that make *Bullit*, *French Connection* and *Smokey & the Bandit* look like your Aunt Edna in a '68 Dodge Dart. The chase in the shopping center was particularly spectacular; everyman's mondo destructo fantasies come true!

But that's kinda beside the point as far as this month's column goes. What really got me about the movie was the fanatical dedication and singlemindedness shown by Jake and Elwood Blues. "We're on a mission from God", says Elwood, and they stop at nothing to do what they have to do, which is to get their old band back together for a benefit concert. By the way, don't worry that I'm "giving away the plot", because the plot is rather peripheral. It's in the best tradition of rock'n'roll movies, I might add.



Jake and Elwood are also quite dedicated to their music, the Stax/Memphis Soul sounds of the mid- and late-1960s. I mean, they live&eat&sleep their music. They're still really close to an old black dude who took them under his wing when they were kids and played Elmore James records for them. Elwood's car grew up on the wrong side of the tracks but turned out to be a first-rate "bluesmobile". (Chuck Berry should write a song about it.) And Elwood's "apartment" is the ultimate stereotype — on the second floor of a rooming house in southside Chicago, it's about as big as my typewriter with a subway train passing by his window about every 30 seconds. It's every middle-class white kid's fantasy of living the blues. And like I said, their music is their life.

Record collecting can be the same way if you're not careful or even if you are. When you're hooked, you're hooked. And that reminds me of something I saw in a now-defunct oldies magazine called *Bim Bam Boom*. Too bad that *BBB* folded, because it used to have some good stuff in it. For example, there was a piece by Ronnie Romesburg called "You're Getting to be a Big Collector When . . ."

- ★ You're seriously considering selling your car to buy someone's record collection.
- ★ You're seriously considering selling your car and using the

money to buy more records because your car has broken down at times and records never have.

- ★ You pass up a chance to get laid to stay home and watch "The Girl Can't Help It" on television.
- ★ You don't eat for two days on a junking trip so you'll have a few extra bucks in case you run across a pile of old T'n'T singles. (I know how *that* goes!)
- ★ You hate all your friends who offer to give you all their old records because they didn't have the foresight to buy psychedelic garage band records in the '60s instead of "Hey Jude" which you already have 37 copies of.
- ★ You have to buy two seats on an overseas flight to bring back all the records you bought in England.
- ★ You go to seances and try to persuade the group to bring back Allen Freed so you can ask him questions.
- ★ You store your records in the closet and your clothes on the floor.
- ★ You wonder why your collection isn't listed as a national shrine.
- ★ You begin to feel that people you see on the street are plotting against you because they have red wax Chance records in their attic and won't tell you about it.
- ★ You plan a record-hunting trip to Korea because you've looked everywhere else.

And so it goes. Music can be serious business, man. Just ask the Blues Brothers.

Next time, this column might be a bit more serious, too. In the upcoming months, I'll be writing about flea markets, want-lists, Ron Young's car and a tribute to a rock'n'roll hero and sadly-missed friend of mine from the old days. Stay tuned. *RNR*

HEAVY METAL



by Judas Cheech

After months of being sequestered by the new wave fanatics on the staff I, Judas Cheech, am at last being allowed to do a column on that ultimate form of music, heavy metal. It's about time. I'm sick of seeing that creep David Arthur put down my favorite bands while praising such trash as the Boomtown Rats.

In case you didn't know this paper is put out by a group of retired hippies and left wing radicals who don't have either the skills or the nerve required to blow up buildings. So instead they try to demolish good ol' American music: Heavy Metal. To destroy our confidence in rock and roll these people are trying to con us into believing that new wave and punk are rock and roll. Sure they are, just like the Village People. This junk's just a fad like disco, and it sucks too! Sure, you can have fun dancing to it, but who wants to dance? When I'm at a party, I want a pint or a six-pack, a lid, room to pass out in, and space in which to grow a beard and pop my pimples. Judas Priest and Riot fit that scene to a 'T'.

Who wants to hear something as hokey as the Clash or Elvis Costello (whose nose always seems to be running) when you can be intellectually stimulated by Riot? They really know the streets, unlike that Bruce Springsteen fake. All the punks on the staff think the Sex Pistols and Ramones are tough, but Judas Priest could stomp 'em any day. Why? 'Cause they play music that's meaningful, and they really know where's it at — leather. Punks are stupid cretins, fakes. Judas Priest and AC/DC are the true punk bands.

But aside from this new wave crud, what rankles me the most is this David Arthur dude who is always puttin' down my music. I've only been able to do one story for this mag, but I would have done some reviews if that little jerk didn't always get the good promos. All he ever does is wax philosophical on this or that. B.S., all of it. Look at that Rush story. A chance for a great story, and he blew it! Who cares what the stars think? I hate Rush now; if there's a moral in their music, who needs it? (I just want to see rock stars put down disco and punk like Gil Moore of Triumph does. My hero!)

These other idiots on the staff are just as bad. They don't care that Ted Nugent is coming. All they can worry about is how they're going to get Who tickets. They don't care that the Scorpions are coming: can you *believe* that? All they care about is going to Houston to see some moth-eaten, over-the-hill English band. When right here in town, Ted Nugent will appear, the best guitarist in the world! And an American. Some people are so-ooo stupid.

That David Arthur dude is about to drive me insane: the other day he took a copy of the new Ted Nugent album and broke it in two right before my eyes. What can I do? I can't kill him, I just got out on parole (for pulling some fag's earplugs out at a Nugent concert and causing him to get brain damage.) I need help.

Down With Punk! Down With New Wave! Go to your window and yell "I AIN'T EVER GOING TO POGO — I'M GOING TO SMASH MY HEAD AGAINST THE WALL AND BOOGIE TILL I PUKE!" — J.C.

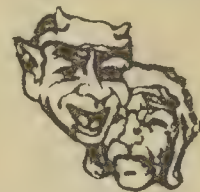
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Judas Priest/British Steel (Columbia) — There is a heavy metal revival springing up over in England. Judas Priest is one of the leaders of that movement, and listening to this album, it is easy to understand why. The band plays distortion-filled riffs that try to be as menacing as the group's biker pose. But neither the pose nor the music really work. Devoid of original thought, this band merely recycles ideas that were clichés when Led Zeppelin was young. The music is fast and heavy, but it can't move fast enough to escape from under its weight. While Priest might be acceptable to teenagers starved for heavy rock, (i.e. San Antonio) they can't even keep up with such lame American groups as Van Halen. Certainly they can't keep up with British counterpart Motorhead who is as heavy as these guys profess to be.

Ultimately, it all sounds the same. There are exceptions. The single, "Living After Midnight," is reasonably good heavy power pop with few leads and little screech. It's the least typical cut on the album. It's also the best. Come on S.A. rockers, send me some hate mail!**David Arthur

Genesis/Duke (Atco) — Genesis has returned from the dumps with their best Lp since *The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway*. *Duke* is perhaps their most different album to date — there are none of the classical/folk traces that used to be so omnipresent on their Lps. Instead, they use a thick interlacing of synths and bass punctuated by percussion.

The album deals with the stress of change and the dangers of complacency. But it also deals with the fearfulness of modern society. When Phil Collins sings "For nobody would understand/And you kill what you fear" the meaning is obvious: we fear what we don't understand. In "Heathaze" a lament is made for man: "The trees and I are shaken by the same wind but whereas/The trees will lose their withered leaves/I just can't seem to let them loose." These old ideas we cling to, this perpetual haunting in us that we call memory, this is what, in the end, ages us. The burden of experience seems to be what the group is bothered by.

Yet the main character in the concept continually goes through experience after experience. It's as if the band realizes that this is the path to being human, yet at the same

time realizing that accepting the path also means accepting one's mortality. Appropriately enough, the Lp ends with "Duke's End."

Duke is thematically dense and subtle. As music it's one of their best.**David Arthur

Peter Gabriel/Peter Gabriel (Mercury) — Riveting manipulation aptly sums up the effect of Peter Gabriel's third solo album. It contains Gabriel's finest lyrics to date and they're blended with music which is more concerned with provoking a listener reaction than with entertaining him. Gabriel doesn't want to pacify; he wants to make you think, and this album practically forces the listener into the position of consideration, of both the ideas in the lyrics and the less obvious concepts present within the music. That's not to say the music is radically progressive — it isn't, at least not in the sense of Wire or Pere Ubu, but the overall effect is.

This concern of Gabriel's — reaction before entertainment — has been a large figure in his career since he left Genesis. While his melodies are catchy and invigorating, he wants people to be entertained by their conscious reaction to his music. Thus over his solo career his music has become more deeply textured.

The album is exceptional where past ones were not simply because Gabriel's work is so finely focused; everything works as it should. Each song is strong, and each one is memorable. Gabriel's vocal gymnastics make rapid shifts in tone and attitude easy and convincing. The music, supplied by Gabriel's band, Paul Weller of the Jam, Robert Fripp, and other guests is stronger than any Gabriel's previously written. The playing is perfect.

The true story, however, lies in the collage of emotions and thoughts each song forces the listener through. In "Family Snapshot," a story of assassination, Gabriel sings "If you don't get given you learn to take/ and I will take you." The effect is chilling; a sense of total desperation is captured. Motivations appear in the last two lines: "I need some attention shoot into the light." Because Gabriel shows causes for his effects, a sense of reality is merged with his songs. The overall impact is total enmeshment: a bonding between artist and listener.

The album also includes Gabriel's top 5 English hit, "Games Without Frontiers," which offers a horrifying children at play metaphor for war. "Adolf builds a bonfire, Enrico plays with it." Adding to the effect is Gabriel's perception that as war is dehumanized, it becomes easier. "If looks could kill they probably will/ In Games without frontiers, War without tears."

Such effects are in every song. Indeed, objective reviewing of this album is hard because of the mind games that arise when listening to the Lp. But reaction is guaranteed. I've praised the new Genesis Lp, but comparing *Duke* to this is like comparing the Osmonds to Genesis. Gabriel has progressed far beyond that band, and most everyone else.

In terms of sophistication, of intent and success, and ultimately, in entertainment value this is simply a classic album. When the 80's are over, this album will be remembered as a milestone in rock.**David Arthur



Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes/Love Is A Sacrifice (Mercury)

— Hey, Southside Johnny's new album is out! Anyone holding his breath for Springsteen's Lp can toss this on the turntable and breathe awhile until "the Boss" returns from the mount. *Love Is A Sacrifice* is the Jukes second-best Lp to date following close on the heels of *Hearts Of Stone*. It's also their rockiest since then too. Billy Rush's guitar playing and writing have improved even more than on last year's Mercury debut and S.S. is in fine voice.

This Lp's theme is again about love in all its mystic revelations and is akin to Elvis Costello's *Get Happy*. "Why" launches the Lp and is remindful of "Born To Run" in its musical arrangement. The arrangements of every song are more carefully done this time out. The horn parts are more spare and concise. "Murder" while patterned on last year's "Vertigo" riff is one of the best cuts along with "Goodbye Love" on side one.

Side two's best offerings are "Why Is Love Such A Sacrifice," the ballad "Long Distance" and one of the best summer songs I've heard in years called "On The Beach." It's a rollicking uptempo number that's perfect readio fare.

Overall the album is one of the best of the summer's offerings and Southside's band should make things seem a lot cooler.**RY

Loudon Wainwright/"A Live One" (Rouner) — Loudie has never come off on vinyl mainly because his act is so much more than just music. It's theater of the absurd. Wainwright acts out his songs like short comic/tragic vignettes. He's a minstrel Charlie Chaplin and writes like a rock'n'roll J.D. Salinger. This Lp has been out awhile as an import but now it's available on Rouner and it seems the perfect label for him. The album contains a sampling of Wainwright's best material and wouldn't be a bad 'best of' Lp. It's far superior than the half-live one on Epic some years ago. Highly recommended.**RY

Robert Fripp/God Save The Queen — Under Heavy Manners (Polydor)

— The album that's really two albums in one! Robert plays all instrumentals on *God Save* which is pure Frippertronics for thirty minutes. Tape loops and guitars can get on one's nerves if listened to for that long, but since Fripp is emulating Eno in creating ambience music, it works. *Under Heavy* shows a return to King Crimson form, sort of, with a band added to the Frippertronics loops. David Byrne sings on one track. Interestingly eccentric, but in the end the experiment starts to fail. Fripp had better watch it; his gimmick's showing through.**David Arthur

Graham Parker and The Rumour/The Up Escalator (Arista)

— "We can face the danger and we won't hold back" sings Geep in the opening cut on his second Lp for Arista and indeed you hope that he won't, especially with Jimmy Iovine handling production chores and Bruce Springsteen adding vocal harmonies on one song. After last year's tour de force *Squeezing Out Sparks* (perhaps the best Lp of '79) GP's fans were smacking their lips in anticipation for the new one despite the loss of keyboardist Bob Andrews, whose energy and presence added so much to Parker's performance both on and off record.

Unfortunately I must deliver my ultimate verdict and it is that *The Up Escalator* is a disappointment. Believe me I thought I'd never say that about one of GP's albums. I even loved *Stick To Me*!

There's nothing amiss with the Rumour (Nicky Hopkins fills in nicely for Andrews). There's nothing wrong with Parker's voice either. The matter lies with his material and his belief in it as well as his delivery of it.

Side one kicks off with "No Holding Back", however it does just that. It isn't delivered with proper dedication — much like Seger's "Against The Wind." The energy inherent in a tune like this is submerged and the band never really gets the chance to light the fuse. "Stupefaction" the Lp's third(!) song finally begins to give some promise to the whole album. It's a compelling melody about lives going nowhere. The next song "Empty Lives" has a great guitar opening and is about GP not wanting to be a hero to fill up gaps in others' personalities so that he becomes just another Christ-like product on the shelf. It's a song also about not wanting to live in the past ("the past ain't worth livin' in/it's just a nail that keeps being driven in").

Side two opens with "Endless Night" a driving, slicing celebration about challenging life. The Rumour here runs like a well-oiled machine. This song features Springsteen on backing vocals but he sounds like he's singing from New Jersey for all he adds. "Maneuvers" has GP cannibalizing a riff from "Nobody Hurts You" in order to fashion this song about trying to stay alive in the pop biz; nevertheless it still is one of the better cuts.

"Jolie Jolie", "The Beating Of Another Heart" and the rest are pretty good songs too — but only pretty good, and in comparison to Parker's back catalogue they seem almost trite. What troubles me most about this album is that GP seems to be strip mining his territory for ideas and melody. Last year's Lp had so much desperation and determination in both word and delivery. This year's model has very little of both of what make for great Graham Parker. **RY



Alice Cooper/Flush The Fashion

(Warner Bros.) — Alice's latest isn't so mainstreamish or conceptual like his last four or five Lps. Instead, he takes on familiar Cooper-type subjects as he sings on "Leather Boots," "Aspirin Damage," and "Model Citizen." Some have a more contemporary feel like his hit single "Clones," "Nuclear Infected" and "Dance Yourself To Death".

The album begins with Coop's cover of Music Machine's "Talk Talk". It had good potential for Alice, unfortunately he drags the tempo until it loses its verve. (Play it at 45rpm and pretend it's the rare original). "Clones" is the most radical song on the album and is probably the best although it might give him an unnecessary new wave stigma with its Devo/Cars/Numan styled production thanks to Roy Thomas Baker.

The rest of the Lp isn't bad but he doesn't sound as menacing or as shocking as you'd like him to. The songs are fairly predictable and lack the punch and rawness that is so akin to his best songs. (B—)**Clyde Kimsey

Brand X/Do They Hurt (Passport)

Is your old, antiquated, quaalude-rock not giving you all the performance you expect? Are you bothered by a dull ringing in your eardrums? Do they hurt? Why not try a prescription of Brand X? One of England's premier progressive fusion-funk rock is back with their sixth dose of musical medications. To the uninitiated their unique sound is somewhat difficult to describe. If you can imagine what would have happened if Stanley Clarke had opted to clear his brain with psychedelics instead of Scientology you might get the idea. Percy Jones' bass must be made of silly putty to get some of his wacky rubbery riffs. Their highly poly-rhythmic compositions become more melodic after multiple metamorphisms, but are definitely not for the mellow-muzak jazz crowd. /KYM

Sammy Hagar/Danger Zone

(Capitol) — Not too bad, but Hagar needs to start covering Donovan and Van Morrison again. He can't write a full Lp of good material. "Heartbeat" is nice, as is "Run For Your Life", but most is just a waste of time. Too bad, because when this guy connects, he connects like Reggie Jackson. **David Arthur

10cc/Look Hear? (Warner Brothers)

Excellent British progressive rock, mixed with reggae, pop, jazz, odd time signatures, humor, and wit. While this album is nowhere near as good as earlier efforts, it still is much better than anything American competitors like Styx are doing. If only this band were plastered all over the airwaves instead of . . . **David Arthur.

Frankie Miller/Easy Money

(Chrysalis) — Pay your "dues" and the public owes you success. Too many bands seem to believe that if they stick to the pop biz long enough then; presto, they'll become overnight sensations.

The bio sheet reads that "Miller" has been involved with many respected musicians and producers over the course of his six-album career. That's all fine but the reason that he's still an unknown after six Lps is that he doesn't have anything new and different to contribute. No matter how much so-called talent a performer has, real talent is to have a distinctive style that catches a listener's ear. With Frankie's gruff voice, these songs sound like outtakes from Bob Cigar's "Against The Wind" which could like outtakes from his last two Lps. (C—)**Clyde Kimsey

Inner City Unit/Pass Out (Riddle)

Acid meets punk. No, it's not Hawkwind — it's Hawkwind alumni Nik Turner with his new band. They don't sound like Hawkwind either — more like the Talking Heads meeting the Dead Heads. Spacey, intense, and very strange. I'll warrant that heavy drugs were indulged in when this Lp was made — a reason for its greatness, no doubt. It's as different from Hawkwind as is Motorhead.

This band is something very different. If you like any of the aforementioned bands, check this out. It'll give you a trip. Best cuts: "Brainstorm" an old Hawkwind tune, "Space Invaders," and their hit Brit single, "Solitary Ashtray." **David Arthur



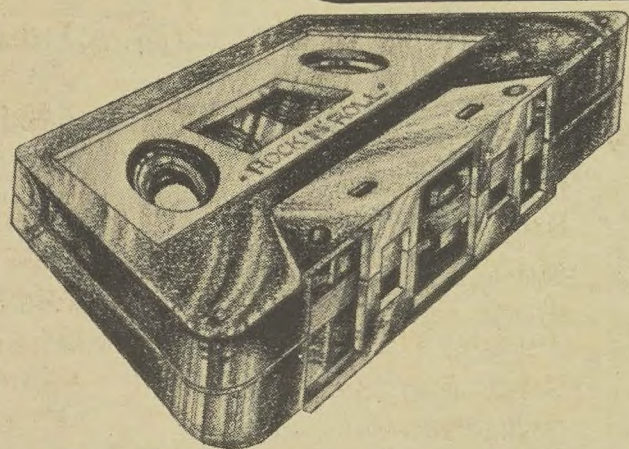
Ted Nugent/Scream Dream (Epic)

— Mr. Macho is back: tedious, dull, and as stupid as ever. He hasn't even learned a new riff! Wow, boys and girls, formula rock done worse than Styx or Foreigner. Nugent accomplishes the impossible feat of being so bad it goes past being funny to being not funny again. Of course, if this ass stopped making albums, I wouldn't be able to kick his around. (I could live without these reviews however, so Ted if you want to quit . . .) STOMP, STOMP. **David Arthur (Who else?)

B.B. King/"Now Appearing" At Ole Miss (MCA)

— If you were unfortunate enough to miss B.B.'s show last February his new live Lp is the next best thing to being there. It's almost verbatim. The only thing missing is the cigarette smoke. B.B. and his orchestra prove they can perform their brand of the blues anywhere from sleazy nightclub to Vegas showroom. This is stylized blues, the cleaned up suburban kind. The recording is also one of the best live Lps I've ever heard. The King's band is one of the finest tuned machines and features some brilliant players. B.B.'s guitar playing while held to a minimum is still all fire and ice. But it's his voice that remains his greatest instrument. Best cuts: "I Got Some Outside Help," "Three O'Clock In The Morning" and the blues medley. **RY

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IN CONCERT

Ted Nugent, Scorpions, and Def Leppard/S.A. Arena/June 25
by **Barrie Hurst & Robbin Cresswell**

Crimean Warriors would have flocked to see this concert which was dedicated strictly to those heavy metal rock-n-rollers intent on being bounced, jounced, vibrated, and girated into a frenzy.

Def Leppard provided a sturdy can opener as they proceeded to rip the lid right off the evening. With a style that is definitely not unique, Def Leppard proves, once again, that you don't necessarily have to be talented to make it in rock-n-roll — just loud enough to compensate for the lack of. They launched off their act with a tritely, repetitious number called "Wasted," and it was obvious both audience and song were synonymous of each other. Of course, the traditional fast Git-licks (short for guitar playing) were tasty in some areas but not enough to call it a meal.

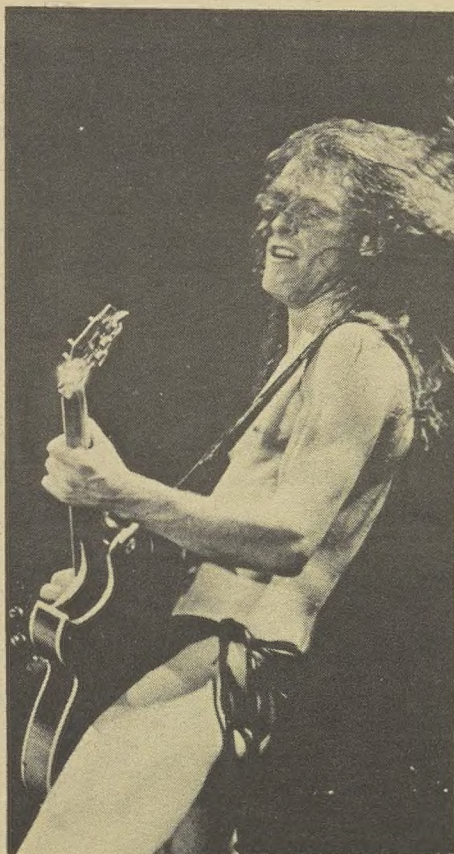
Next, came the swift sting of the Scorpions and believe me they stung hard. Starting off with "He's a woman, she's a man," the band managed to keep everyone on their feet — even through the encore. Klaus Meine, lead vocalist, provided the initial energy as he swung the microphone around and around only to jump and catch it — emphasizing his words all the more. The band played mainly from their new album *Animal Magnetism*. Songs like "The Zoo," "Don't Make No Promises Your Body Can't Keep," and the title cut were in keeping with the evening's theme of rock and roll. Towards the end of their encore Rudolf Schenker, guitarist, took his Flying V and threw it up in the air. For a second I thought it was actually going to sprout wings and fly away. Of course it didn't, but the Scorpions definitely did. Their performance was very nearly perfect as well as impressive.

The Wild Man leaped, jumped, sweated and spat his way through an hour and a half of screeching music. Wearing only a loincloth and a pair of moccasins, The Nuge went through a repertoire of oldies, "Cat Scratch Fever," "Great White Buffalo" and "Wang Dang Sweet Poontang", and new material "Wango Tango".

The lights went out and a large clear plastic cage came down from the rafters. A flashpot went off blinding the audience for about ten seconds and Nugent appeared in the cage. Pressed up against the plastic wall with arms stretched and eyes glowing, Ted looked like a captured wild animal. He then leaped out of the cage, strapped on his Gibson and unloaded with everyone's favorite "Stranglehold". Nugent closed the show with the title song from his latest Lp "Scream Dream".

Michael Murphy/Cooter Brown's/June 15 by Barrie Hurst

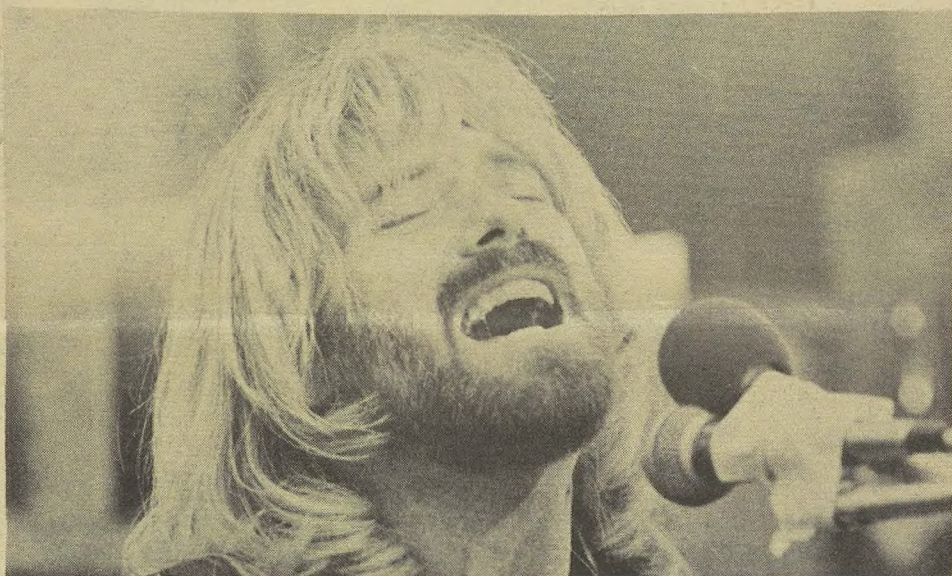
He looked very comfortable, while the audience he sang to gradually became Troop 407, and the concert grew into an evening made for singing around the campfire. The appearance was so true of this but a second glance would have told you otherwise. For it was, that with each



The Wildman



The Legend



The Cosmic Cowboy

note so profusely sung, a spell of awe and silence began to spread through the crowded beer garden at Vic Tawil's Cooter Brown's on Father's Day. Michael Murphy has definitely become proficient in serenading an audience—any audience.

The nature of his performance was solely esoteric. There were no drums emphasizing the rhythm. There were no back up vocals diversifying the melodies. It was Michael Murphy, in collaboration with his guitar, solo. He didn't need any of the usual rudimentary tools of music to weave his gentle words into songs. It was all there, the atmosphere, the people, the stars, the moon, and the "Cosmic Cowboy." Geronimo would have been proud to have Mr. Murphy ride with him in his Cadillac. Messenger, Cooters' house band, sat in on a couple of songs and it made for some mighty fine listening. But, it seemed, just as things really started cooking it was time for Mr. Murphy to hit the trail, and off he went into the sunset not to be heard from; for a while anyhow.

Michael really enjoyed playing at Cooter Brown's and vowed to return soon.

CONCERT GUIDE AUSTIN

7/9—Alvin Crow plus Sir Douglas Quintet/-Soapcreek Saloon

7/12—Marcia Ball/Soapcreek Saloon

7/12—Johnny Winter plus Bugs Henderson/-Armadillo

7/17—Bill Bruford/Armadillo

7/19—J.J. Cale/Armadillo

DALLAS
7/30—Todd Rungren/-MacFarland Aud. (214) 521-3670

HOUSTON

7/12—Blues Brothers/-Hofheinz Pavillion

7/12—Country Joe & The Fish/Rockefeller's

7/13—Black Sabbath, Blue Oyster Cult, Alice Cooper, et al/Robertson Stadium

LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS

by **Ron Young**

Lightnin' Hopkins/Carver Jazz Festival/June 20 by Ron Young

It was the Carver Cultural Center Jazz Festival and Houston's "Lightnin' Sam Hopkins was the only blues performer this year. After sitting through some enjoyable but somehow coolly distant jazz performances Lightnin' came onstage beaming a knowing smile and aiming to set the evening back on a funkier course.

Wearing a fire engine red blazer, a white snap brim Panama hat, his ever-present shades, and carrying his old Fender electric Lightnin' took his usual place on a high stool. Then backed by a house drummer and bassist he swung into some casual mid-summer night blues.

Hopkins, in the course of two sets, ran through several rocking boogie instrumentals, a colorful reading of his classic song "Mojo Hand", John Lee Hooker's "Baby Please Don't Go", a hot rendition of Ray Charles' "What'd I Say", a searing rocked-out version of "Rock Me Baby" and many more blues tunes performing them all with more vitality and gusto than some young white rock'n'rollers I've seen. This was especially incredible for a 68-year old man!

Although his finger picking wasn't as sharp as it once was Lightnin's warmth and good humor were intact and for being one of the older blues statesmen he was pretty spry and still had the moves he displayed on the rockers.

Lightnin' has been called "the most creative folk poet of our time" and "the King of the Blues." It was the first time he'd played S.A. but he swore that it wouldn't be his last.

7/15—Bill Bruford/Palace
7/29—Todd Rungren/Music Hall (713) 222-4461

SAN ANTONIO

7/14—Black Sabbath, Blue Oyster Cult, Alice Cooper, Riot, Shakin' Street, Bram Tchaikowsky /Convention Center (noon 'til?)

7/19—Robin Lane & The Chartbusters/Skip-willy's

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Sammy Hagar

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\$4.88 LP or Tape
(Thru August 1st)

6522 San Pedro
(822-9991)

Open Mon.-Sat. till Midnite
Fridays till One A.M.

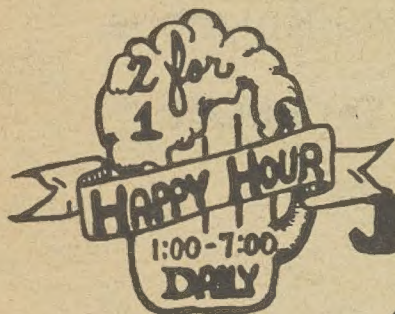
910 S.W. Military Dr.
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The Summer Blitz
Is On!
at the

Razzle Dazzle

at 2376
Austin Hwy.

657-3103



JULY



WEDNESDAY - get in free
with a Razzle Dazzle T-shirt
FRI + SAT - 10¢ beer and
Bar Drinks 7:00 - 9:00

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
FREE BEER! 8:00-10:00 \$1.00 BAR DRINKS	PASSAGE Seattle					
Top Island	Cherry Smash					
Rabbit						
MAPLE	RAGE					
PLAY THING	AUTOMATIC					

RAZZLE DAZZLE LADIES FREE!
 Ladies Night 7:00-10:00
 50¢ BEER WINE & BAR DRINKS
 Blitz Nite 10¢ BEER and BAR DRINKS 7:00-9:00